
Title: Justice for Orcs

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I was once considered
"civilized" by my human
peers. But what exactly
does it mean to be
civilized? Are the Orc,
whom live for themselves,
more civilized than the
humans, whom bow before
written words and laws?
I was once the Sage of
Justice. I was once
blind, too. For years, I
was tucked away in a
tiny hamlet called Yew.
In that small village, I
felt that I made a
difference in the world
at large. In truth, I
knew little of what lied
beyond Yew's boundaries.
I daresay there were
Virtuous human beings
that walked Sosaria long
ago, but none now live
that remember...

I have oft sat up, late
at night, and wondered of
humanity's fate. It
makes me shudder when I
do. I can smell it in the
air. I can taste it in
the back of my throat.
I feel suppression
squeezing me and
provoking me. I have
long prayed for the
Great Awakening, but nary
a human has awakened. I
now know that they will
never, ever stop holding
hatred, or speaking lies,
or being cowards before
the Orcish Nation. And
so, it has come to pass
that humanity has spoken
as if Virtue is an
institution or an invention.

But, in reality, Virtues
are more like faith.
Virtues existed eons
before the dawn of man
in Sosaria. The Virtues
system is not a mere
collection of human words,
human phrases, and human
descriptions. The Virtues
are, in actuality, the
inborn qualities of every
great and small being
that has dwelt upon
Britannia. Humanity has
given Britannia a racist
mentality, though. There
are those who would have
you believe that if it is
not human, then it is not
righteous. Roots of
hatred are buried too
deeply to be simply torn
out, and so it is the
same with humanity. One,
single transgression
betwixt orc and man in
the distant past has led
to a chain reaction
of wars and extreme
hatred. Not once have I
ever witnessed humanity
making an attempt to
amend the relationship
with the Orcish Nation.
I foresee the inevitable,
total destruction of
either the orcs or the
humans. And so, who will
win the Last Battle of
Orc and Man? I do not
foretell events, but the
fate of man is clear and
bright before me.

Man has no Honesty.
They swear away their
fealty but quickly change
their loyalties during
times of peril.

Man has no Honor. They
will readily recruit the
air of mercenaries and
give them entrance into
"lawful" territories.

Man has no Spirituality.
They will fall to their

quaking knees before the
preaching of surreal ideas
or the coronation of
mortal kings.

Man has no Valor. They
sit upon their steeds and
trample orcs into the
ground, and they will talk
heady words from behind
heavy platemail.

Man has no Compassion.
They refuse to
understand the roots of
hatred betwixt orc and
man, and they will quickly
become ignorant of the
past when it is plainly
presented before them.

Man has no Sacrifice.
They will run from the
field of battle upon sight
of a losing army.

Man has no Humility. They
will place countless,
prideful houses and
bulwarks upon the lands
of Briannia but leave less
than a clearing of grass
for the whole of the
Orcish Nation.

But worst of all, man
has no sense of Justice.
They will readily refuse
to recognize the existence
of the Orcish Nation, and
will attack our lands and
study ancient heirlooms
without respect to claims
or heritage. Humanity
has been foolish for far
too many years, and
there is no longer a way
to amend the
indifferences of orcs and
of men. The wars
will continue, and man will
fall into ultimate
destruction. Yew ignored
the orcs, and for that
they lost Yew. In place
of a Mayor of Yew,
humanity's folly has set
up a dire Chieftain of

Yew. Yew will continue
to underestimate the
existence of the Orcish
Nation, and Empath Abbey
will soon be attacked
again for the first time
since the coming of
Keeonean the Great.
War-borne vessels will
soon land upon Verity Isle
and burn Moonglow to the
ground. The Regency will
slowly crumble as literal
swamrs of orcs trample
their Regent, Dayel
Stormcrow, into the
ground. And last of all,
I will have ultimate
revenge against Auren
Therion, who utterly
ruined me. Soon the
people of Britannia will
crawl before an empty
throne and cry out for
the Stranger, but he will
never come.

People of Britannia, now
is the time for thee to
quiver upon these words:
the beasts are at the
gates, and they come for
thee. I am the Chieftain
of Yew, William Smit the
Fourth. Remember my
name, for it will be
printed upon the gruesome
standards of the burning
humie cities for all time.

Praise be to the
Blud'God. May he loom
over thy path always.